

Camhere was a tireless worker. Twasn't long before the father of his sweetheart withdrew all objections to the match.

The wedding was celebrated an' Camhere took his bride to the comfortable cabin on top of Mt. Gabriel.

Grandfather in telling me the story of Camhere's flight to prove the truth of it would tell me I could go an' ask John Camhere, who was Flying Camhere's son. John kept a draper's shop a few doors from Father's shop in Ballybawn, but I being a little shaver at the time, never had the courage to question John Camhere on the matter, an' besides I never doubted in the least the truth of any of Grandfather's tales."



✠ Good-Night, My Jesus. ✠

Jesus dear, the day is over,
Now I leave my labor light,
And before I seek my slumber
Come to say a sweet "Good Night."
Would that I might tarry near Thee,
Rest before Thy lonely shrine;
Thou would'st whisper loving secrets,
And I'd tell Thee all of mine.
But I cannot linger, Jesus,
I must leave thee for awhile;
Now bestow on me a blessing,
And a fond, approaching smile.
I will leave my heart beside Thee,
It will rest securest there,
And within Thy fond embraces,
It will grow to Thee more dear.
So "Good Night" once more my Jesus
Grant, no matter where I be,
All my day-thoughts, night-dreaming,
Be of Thee and only Thee.

